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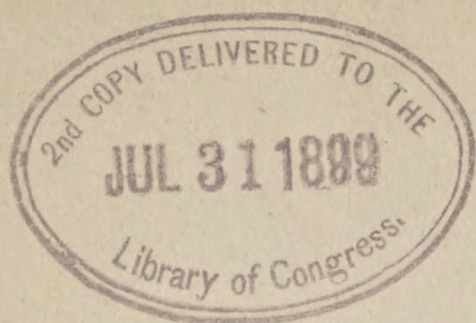
INDIAN CHILDREN AND THEIR PETS

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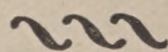
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

INDIAN
CHILDREN
AND THEIR PETS



*AND
OTHER
STORIES*

Illustrated



The Werner Company

NEW YORK

AKRON, OHIO

CHICAGO

1899

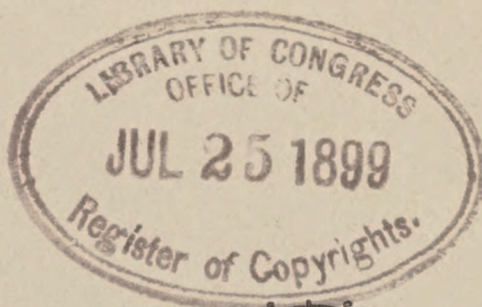
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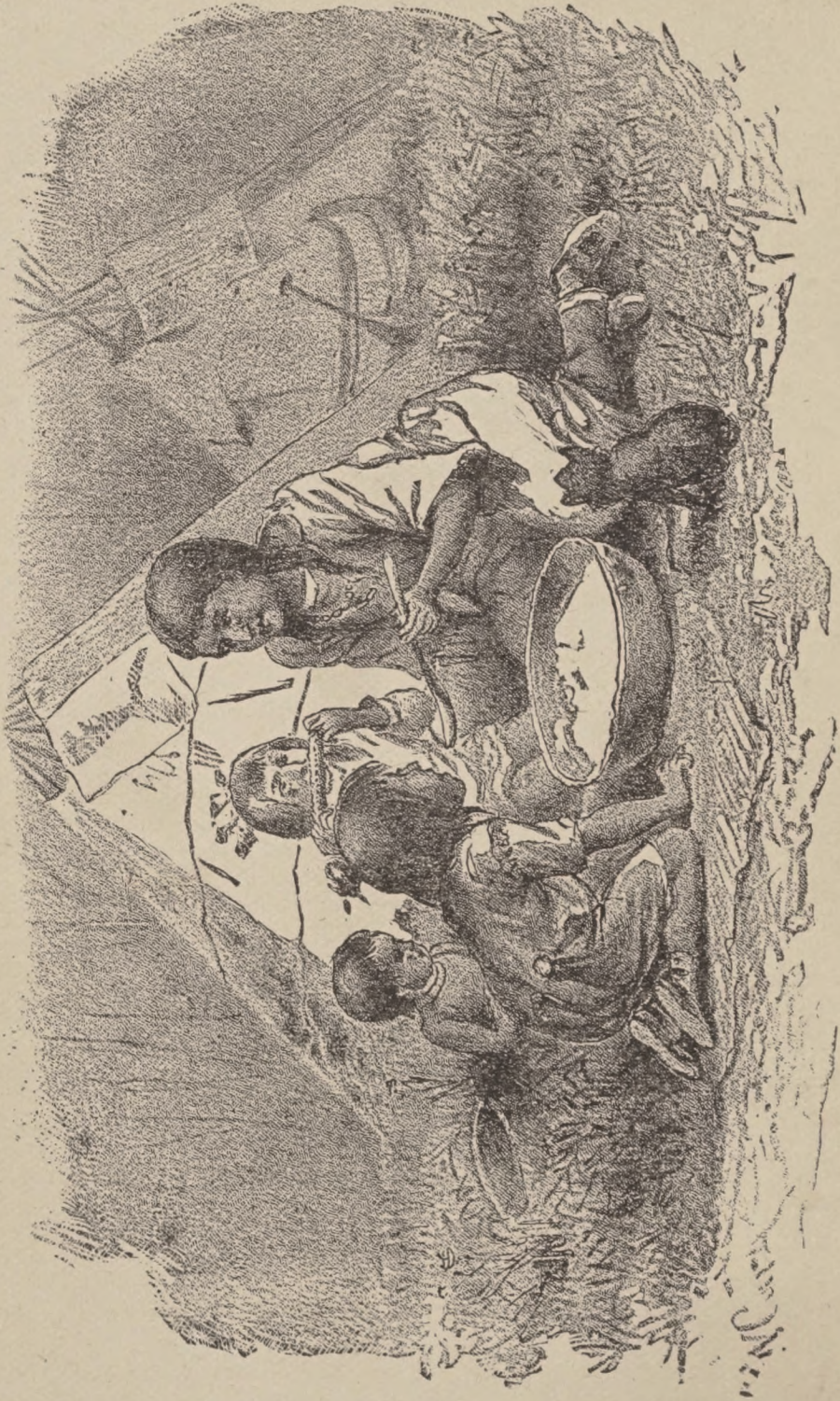
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48339
July 26, 99.



AN "INDIAN MEAL."

INDIAN CHILDREN AND THEIR PETS.

MANY people suppose that the Indian children have no dolls or pets.

This is a mistake. The Indian baby, or pappoose, is provided by its squaw-mother with a sort of doll from its earliest infancy.

The baby itself is tied to a board which is covered with buckskins and fanciful bindings, or with bright-colored cloth ornamented with bead-work and tinsel. This baby-board, which is carriage and cradle in one, looks like the toe of a large slipper, and has a piece of wood bent across the head to protect its little copper-colored occupant from being struck by anything. Just as her convenience may prompt, the squaw hangs her pappoose, thus cradled, on her back while walking, or in a tree when working about the tent, or on

INDIAN CHILDREN AND THEIR PETS.

the saddle pommel as represented in the picture. From the protecting headboard hangs suspended the doll composed of feathers, beads and red cloth, per-



LITTLE INDIAN GIRLS AND THEIR "PAPPOUSES."

haps representing an Indian warrior. The little pap-poose looks at this dangling image all day long, and

INDIAN CHILDREN AND THEIR PETS.

this monotonous endeavor often causes a horrible squint from which the little Indian never recovers.

The squaw-mothers sometimes make miniature papposes, bound to cradle-boards in fancy covering, like their own, for the older children to play with; but it is a still commoner sight to see the girls carrying a puppy in a little blanket over their shoulders. It seems strange that they should make of their pets what is considered the greatest delicacy, puppy-stew, which is the chief dish of a feast given in commemoration of a child having become a certain age.

The little Indians also make pets of crows. A little girl will often daily carry about with her a wicker basket filled with baby crows just as they are taken from the nest by her brother. Beside her an old dog will often be wiled along, dragging her puppies in a similar net or basket stretched across transverse poles.

The Indian boys have pet colts to ride; and they make pets of young eagles, which they put on a sort of stand with a string attached to one leg to prevent the birds from flying away.

The boys also early learn to use the bow and

INDIAN CHILDREN AND THEIR PETS.

arrows, and are often occupied in driving blackbirds and cowbirds from the growing maize.

Corn is the only vegetable cultivated by the Indian, and the Chippewas, who are semi-civilized, grind

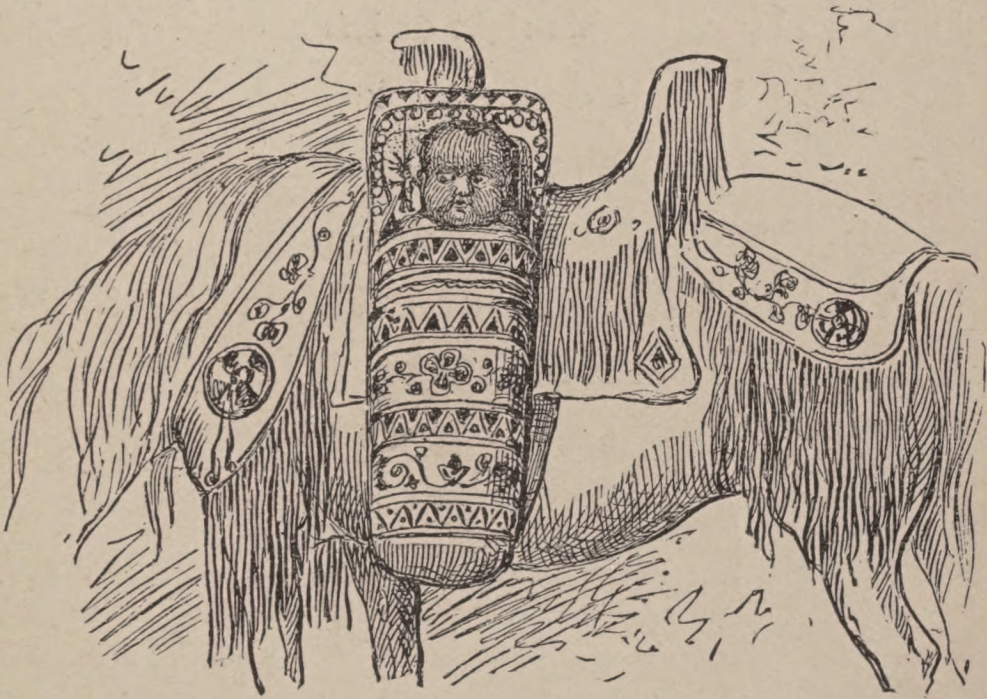


LITTLE INDIAN GIRLS AND THEIR PETS.

their corn into a sort of coarse samp by pounding it in a mortar with a wooden pestle. They also roast the ears, and dry it for winter use. Great groups of children will sit with a squaw (perhaps mending moccasins) to help them at their work and preserve order, on high platforms the whole day, overlooking the

INDIAN CHILDREN AND THEIR PETS.

corn-fields, so as to drive away the birds as they alight in flocks. Picture No. 3 represents a group at a little "Indian meal," which plays both ways — as it is Indian meal they are feasting on. The lodges, or tepees, in the background are peculiar to the Chippewa tribe, being made of birch bark wrapped around poles.



INDIAN BABY AND DOLL.

The older boys amuse themselves by different games while tending the horses, one of which is represented. First they spread upon the ground a buffalo hide on which they kneel facing each other.

INDIAN CHILDREN AND THEIR PETS.

Then one takes a little stick and passes it from one hand to the other, first behind and then before, while the other boy guesses which hand it is in. He is entitled to three guesses. The first, if right, counts him three ; the second, two ; and the third, one. If he misses altogether, he loses according to the number put up for stake. The one guessing designates his guess by hitting his right or left shoulder, according to the hand he thinks his opponent holds it in.

This, like all other Indian games, is made interesting by the stakes, which generally consist of some ornament, or some service to be rendered.



“WHICH, RIGHT OR LEFT?”

A BOY'S RACE WITH GENERAL GRANT AT EPHEBUS.

THE Turkish battery ashore thundered a royal salute to General Grant as the *Vandalia* which bore him from port to port in the Mediterranean steamed up to her anchorage in the harbor of Smyrna. Thirty great iron-clads followed in quick succession ; men-of-war crowded the harbor. They had been ordered into Turkish waters on account of the war then raging between Turkey and Russia. From ship and shore thousands of spectators watched the *Vandalia's* approach with eager interest, and from the foremast of every vessel and the flagstaffs of the city the American flag waved the General a glad and hearty welcome.

No one in all the city was more pleased at his arrival than Fred Martin, the son of an American

A BOY'S RACE WITH GENERAL GRANT.

merchant resident in Smyrna. He stood with the crowd upon the quay cheering enthusiastically.

Fred had sailed with his mother from New York when he was but three years old, and his memories of his native land were consequently vague and fanciful. His playmates were the little Greek and Armenian boys of his neighborhood, and the few English children belonging to the British consulate. He had told his comrades, in glowing words, the history of General Grant. Fred was very precocious, and had learned several languages. In his play with the Greek boys he had learned to speak Greek, and in the same pleasant way the Armenian boys had taught him their language. Besides, in the streets and bazaars he had picked up Turkish and Arabic enough to converse quite easily with the merchants speaking those languages. So great was Fred's proficiency that at home he went by the name of "the little polyglot."

The boys shouted and cheered till they found that General Grant would not come ashore that day, and gradually they departed for their homes. We will leave General Grant to receive the official courtesies



WHERE THE PONY CAME FROM.

A BOY'S RACE WITH GENERAL GRANT.

of the authorities of the city and the admirals and captains of the fleet, and proceed with Master Fred.

Fred was the owner of a beautiful little Arabian horse, which made him the envy of every boy of his acquaintance. This horse was the Christmas gift of his father. Christmas eve he had been secretly led to Mr. Martin's stable, that in the morning Fred might receive a happy surprise. Early Christmas morning Fred was sent to the stable on some trifling errand, and what was his astonishment to see a new horse quietly munching his breakfast. His delight knew no bounds when he found a blue ribbon tied around the pony's neck (for Fred at once called him a pony), to which was attached a card, on which was written :

"Fred Martin. From his affectionate father, Christmas, 1877."

The pony had been purchased from an Arab. This Arab with his little family had wandered far from his own country, and at length had settled in the environs of Smyrna. Through sickness and poverty he was compelled to part with his beautiful horse,

A BOY'S RACE WITH GENERAL GRANT.

his children crying bitterly, and fondly caressing him, as he was led away from the tent.

Mr. Martin's conscience almost smote him as he witnessed this poor family's grief; but the Arab motioned to him to hasten away, signifying that the children would soon forget their sorrow.

The pony, as he was called, was of the purest Arabian blood. He was so gentle that Fred's little sisters ran into his stall and played without hesitation around his feet. Yet he had all the metal and fire of his royal race. In color he was milk-white, and his neck arched like the curve of an ivory bow. His head was small and elegant; so perfect, indeed, that an artist had taken it as a model for a handsome ideal Arabian in a fine picture he was painting. The pony's ears were satin-like, and responded to the slightest impression with a quick, tremulous movement that betokened the keenest intelligence. His eyes beamed with affection and loyalty. Ladies delighted to run their fingers through his soft, silken hair; and they loved to pet him as he held his nose to them to be stroked, as they would a beautiful child.

A BOY'S RACE WITH GENERAL GRANT.

Fred had read the lives of Alexander the Great and Sir Walter Scott. He had been charmed by the allusions to their fondness for riding and hunting in their boyhood days, and he emulated them in many a gallop and chase among the hills surrounding the city. Many a hare and partridge had he run down and shot, and brought home in triumph hanging to the pommel of his saddle. Many a time he had startled the shepherds and frightened their sheep by dashing upon them around some sharp curve, for which misdemeanor he had to put spurs to the pony to escape the shepherds' wrath. Besides, he had ridden to many places which travellers go thousands of miles to see. He could point out the different layers in the walls of the old castle overlooking the city, which was first built by Alexander the Great, and last by the Saracens. He could guide travellers to the beautiful ruins of an ancient temple erected to Homer; and several times he had ridden into the very cave where many scholars believe the great poet Homer at one time lived. These excursions were attended by many dangers, but somehow Fred came out of them unharmed.

After General Grant had been several days in

A BOY'S RACE WITH GENERAL GRANT.

Smyrna, Fred was overjoyed at receiving an invitation to accompany him on a grand excursion to the ruined city of Ephesus, lying fifty miles from Smyrna. His father told him that he might take the pony with him, as several freight-cars were to be filled with horses and donkeys for the use of the party. The Pasha—the governor of that district of Turkey—had arranged for this excursion as his greatest compliment to General Grant. He chartered a large train; ordered a mounted body-guard of Turkish officers to proceed to Ephesus, and a regiment of troops to receive the General at the depot with military honors. The party needed a strong military escort, for at Ephesus there are robbers who live in caves, and watch for distinguished visitors, whom they sometimes capture, and demand a heavy ransom for their release.

Fred galloped early to the depot. He kept the pony quiet amid the general confusion, with extreme difficulty. The donkey drivers were mercilessly pounding the donkeys, and yelling at them, to get them into the car; the grooms were struggling with the restive horses; dogs were yelping; the soldiers were going through their exercises, and there

A BOY'S RACE WITH GENERAL GRANT.

was a bewildering medley of unpleasant sounds.

By much persistence Fred got the pony into a car with a fine gray horse and a snow-white mule sent from the Pasha's stables for General and Mrs. Grant. Fred was almost wonder-struck at the sight of these beautiful animals. The horse was dressed in gorgeous housings. The saddle was heavily embroidered and plated with gold ; even the buckles and rings were of gold, and a rich gold filigree work covered the bridle and portions of the reins and girths. Fred had heard of the richness of Oriental accoutrements, but he was not prepared for such magnificence as this. The mule was not dressed so regally, but being regarded a sacred animal by the Pasha, a queen could not have desired a greater compliment than was offered Mrs. Grant in the sending of this mule for her use.

When the General arrived, all things were ready, and the train swept out into an enchanting valley. Past Turkish villages it ran, the little Turkish boys, like many boys in more civilized countries, giving it a vigorous salute with pebbles as it hurried on. Often it passed trains of camels making their tedious way to bordering countries, and occasionally a hunter and

A BOY'S RACE WITH GENERAL GRANT.

his dogs would seem to start out of a jungle or hill-side, as if on purpose to delight Master Fred.

In an hour's time the train thundered over the river Cayster and shot into the depot at Ayasolook. Instantly all was confusion again. The horses and donkeys were hustled out of the cars. The horses were arranged in cavalry line, and the donkeys were drawn up in the rear. General Grant gave the signal to mount, and the men of the party instantly vaulted into the saddle. The white mule had been behaving strangely for an animal of his reputation, and Mrs. Grant was advised not to undertake to ride him. She wisely listened to advice, for the mule turned out on this particular occasion to be very careless with his heels, and to have a very abrupt way of stopping, which obliged his rider to travel on a short distance alone. Mrs. Grant had been so well acquainted with mules in the West that she had in fact no confidence even in a sacred mule. By some means she with the other ladies got the smallest and most tired-looking donkeys. Now they put spurs to their horses, leaving the donkeys with their unfortunate riders far behind.

A BOY'S RACE WITH GENERAL GRANT.

For a moment only they stop to look at the few pieces of glittering marble which are all that remain of the snowy blocks and columns of the once glorious temple of Diana. They decide to skirt the plain lying between Ayasolook and Ephesus, by riding along an ancient breakwater; they pause for an instant to listen to the rustle of the long grass against the wall where once was heard the ebb and flow of the sea. Up they climb among a whole cluster of temples, stopping only to look at the face of a shattered statue, or at a beautiful carved hand extended almost beseechingly from a heap of rubbish. The horses stumble through public squares, regaining solid footing for an instant on some broad pedestal of a once world-renowned monument. Now Fred's pony flounders in the basin of an old fountain, into which he has been forced to leap. The ruins seem to rise up in waves, and they are obliged to dismount and lead their horses up to the great theatre, where they halt for rest and lunch.

Fred tied the pony to the foot of a prostrate Apollo and slipped away to explore this great building for himself. He climbed to the top of the hill,

A BOY'S RACE WITH GENERAL GRANT.

on the side of which the theatre was built, and looked in wonder upon the stage far below. This great interior contained seats for 50,000 people. Fred fancied he could almost hear the thunder of applause from distant ages, like the far-away roar of the sea. He now clambered down to look at the foundations of the building. The great pillars and arches stood as firmly as the day on which they were completed. St. Paul had looked upon the same grand architecture that he now beheld.

As he looked he began to stir the earth carelessly with his whip-handle. Suddenly he brought a curious object to the surface, which he picked up and carefully examined. With his knife he dug away the erosion, and saw by the glitter underneath that the object was of gold. In other places something which he could not cut resisted his knife. It now occurred to him that he had found a bracelet, and he hastened to the company with his treasure. An antiquarian in the party, upon close examination, found that Fred had unearthed what had been a very costly bracelet. It was of rare design, and set all around with precious stones; doubtless it had glittered many times upon

A BOY'S RACE WITH GENERAL GRANT.

the fair arm of some ancient performer. All were delighted at Fred's discovery, and felt that this little *souvenir* in itself would make the day memorable. In a short time they had visited the market-place, the stadium — a building which held 76,000 people — the odeon, or music hall, and the cave of the Seven Sleepers, and were ready to start back.

As several conjectured, on their return General Grant proposed a grand race. Lying between them and the depot was a smooth plain three miles in extent. On the further side a leaning column could be seen, which was at once selected as the reaching-post. A Turkish officer was chosen umpire and sent on in advance. General Grant had noticed Fred's pony many times during the day, and was greatly pleased with his exquisite beauty. He thought it possible that the pony might be the sharpest competitor his own elegant, high-spirited gray would have in the race, and he beckoned Fred to take a position at his side. The starting-point was to be an immense sarcophagus, in which a noble Greek had once been buried, but which now, from some cause, lay upturned on the edge of the plain. At this place ten superbly

A BOY'S RACE WITH GENERAL GRANT.

mounted horsemen drew up in line, with General Grant and Fred on the right.

The English consul gave the signal for starting.

Fred shook the reins upon the pony's neck, and he bounded forward as gracefully as a deer. The pony instinctively prepared himself for the race. Both horses were of princely pedigree and showed their blood in the sylph-like ease with which they moved. Fred knew that in horsemanship the odds must be greatly in favor of General Grant. How Fred admired him as he sat upon the gray, every inch the general; and he felt almost alarmed at the thought of contesting the race with such a splendid horseman! But he quickly made up his mind to compete for the honors as sharply as he could. His light weight he knew to be in his favor, and he had all confidence in the pony's speed and courage; even then he could feel him tremble under his growing excitement.

They all had made an even start, and for many rods had kept together; but now Fred and the General began to push ahead. The pony's silken tail brushed the shoulder of the foremost horse, while his



NEITHER THE GENERAL NOR FRED SEEMED TO GAIN AN INCH!

A BOY'S RACE WITH GENERAL GRANT.

handsome mane tossed against the bridle-rein of his antagonist.

It was a fine sight to see these two beautiful horses settle down for the remaining two-mile run. The movement of each was perfect. There was no convulsive effort, no waste of energy. They glided onward as smoothly as the flight of birds. Nose to nose, neck to neck, shoulder to shoulder they flew. Neither the General nor Fred seemed to gain an inch, and neither seemed to care whether the other won or not. Patches of meadow grass brilliant with wild flowers, pieces of rich sculpture, a thousand rare objects that once shone in beautiful houses or more beautiful temples, lay scattered along their course; but they were unnoticed in the glorious speed.

But a half-mile remains, and each horse is making his best time. The sun lights up horses and riders, so that they seem like phantoms sweeping over the plain. Now with a bound they cross a wide ditch, the General's horse distancing the pony by several feet. The pony clings to him like a shadow. One touch of the spur upon his hot flank, and he recovers

A BOY'S RACE WITH GENERAL GRANT.

his lost ground. Never was there so close a race before ! Now it is whip and spur, words of command and words of encouragement, and the horses seem scarcely to touch the ground. Now the General leads, now Fred. The goal is reached !

The umpire did not decide.

Fred told the Greek boy that night that he won it. If you are anxious to know who did win, ask the General.

RIGA IN THE CHIMNEY.

HOW did Riga get into the chimney?

Well, if the truth must be told, it was not merely a chimney, but the window; and not a window only, but the front door; and not only the front door, but the staircase. It was, in fact, so much of all four, that it was but slightly like any one of them. Things were altogether upside-down in this house. Instead of being built on the ground like all reasonable houses, it was under it; and although it had but one place to come in at, and but one fire to cook at, so many people lived inside of it in tents of their own that it was in reality a village; and yet again, it was a village where you had only to lift the skin wall of your one-roomed dwelling to get into your neighbor's.

The land was Kamschatka, and Riga was a small

boy of that cold country. He had been outside to get some milk from the deer, and had come to the hole that formed the entrance, and taken the first step down on the notched pole that was to land him in the fire if he didn't take a good leap over when he got to the bottom.

It was already dark. Above him one of the dogs — there were twenty or thirty in all — got a smell of the milk, or a smell of a pot on the fire; and as he sniffed greedily through chimney (we might as well call it that), he lost his balance and came tumbling head and heels over Riga with a prodigious racket and howling into the village below. Riga, who was fat, thought he was going too; but he clung to the notched pole till he had his senses again, and then he clung the tighter because of something else.

At the foot of the pole burned a fire of moss which gave much heat, little light, and more smoke than anything else; this smoke hung duskily around the chimney, and went out lazily as it happened to feel inclined. Riga's entrance had been covered by the dog's fall, the smoke and dust hid him effectually, and some-

RIGA IN THE CHIMNEY.

thing stopped him from coming down. It was a little whisper which, although addressed to a person close by the whisperer's side, scaled the pole for the benefit of Riga's curious ears.

"Hush! some one came in."

"You are mistaken, for no one comes down."

"Some one is listening, then."

"Lopka, you suspect everything. Who would stop up there, and why? and who would know there was anything to listen to?"

Riga was listening, however; and although his position was most uncomfortable, his curiosity was so excited by hearing a conversation which was not intended for any one to hear, that he bent his ears more eagerly than ever, and was as silent as a snowflake.

"When can it be done?" whispered Lopka shrilly.

"When all are asleep."

"We may be asleep too."

"Trust me for that."

"Can we get out without rousing the sleepers? Do you think the herd will be quiet?"

RIGA IN THE CHIMNEY.

"We have no one to fear but the curious Riga; that boy always has one ear open."

"That is so;" thought Riga in the chimney, "and now I see the wisdom of it." He gave a movement of satisfaction, and some of the milk splashed hissing down into the fire.

"What is that, Svorovitch?" asked Lopka.

"I have often heard that sound in the fire," was the reply, "and my father says if it is a saint's day, the saint weeps for some wrong done."

At this moment the thick pungent smoke tickled Riga's nose, and he gave vent to three good hearty sneezes. The two boys below jumped to their feet and ran away.

"There is still more, and it may be learned by listening," murmured Riga as he went down. "I am not a saint, but I will do more than weep if any wrong is about to be done."

It was the winter time; the cold was intense. If you should put your uncovered face out of doors, the eyelashes would freeze to your cheeks. The weather was so fierce, the clouds so threatening, that but few of the men had ventured out; such as had, rode

RIGA IN THE CHIMNEY.

up swiftly on their sledges at nightfall, set the deer free among the herd, and gathered round the fire to sleep, or talk over the adventures of the day.

Among other things, this bitterest night of all, they returned to the conversation of several preceding nights, about two Englishmen with their guide, belated by the snows of an early winter. These travellers had pressed on towards a port on the coast, thinking to winter there comfortably until some ship would sail for San Francisco; but reports had now reached the tribe of a fatal accident to one of the reindeer; and wise Lodovin shook his head. He was seventy years old, and knew everything.

"There was a spot," he said, "near the Kamschatkan shore, a hut underground constructed from a wrecked vessel by some sailors. All guides know of this place. There was fuel there, and they would not freeze; but they could have had no provisions worth speaking of, and either they must die of starvation, or go on and perish in the coming storm upon the toondra."

This had been repeated each night since Lodovin had heard of the dead deer; but his listeners were

RIGA IN THE CHIMNEY.

willing to receive an observation many times for want of fresher.

Usually Riga sat long in the midst of the circle; but to-night he withdrew early to his particular home, a small enclosure a few feet square, where the whole family slept, lighted by a bit of moss floating in oil. He had seen Lopka enter the next room; and the fear of missing him brought him early to lie on his own floor where he could peep beneath the edge of the skin. Later, when everything was quiet, the same anxiety made him crawl out and take up his old place on the notched pole, where he clung silent and immovable, but listening and looking intently, every sense merged into his sense of curiosity.

Ah, woe to Riga in the chimney! two quiet figures suddenly came straight to the pole, and one began to mount. To mount? Yes; and seeing Riga, to seize him by the foot and sternly bid him be silent and go out.

In spite of his sturdy saintship, the surprised Riga was frightened to death by the knife in Svorovitch's hand; and not daring to disobey, he tremblingly did as he was told.

RIGA IN THE CHIMNEY.

He was speedily followed by Lopka and Svorovitch. Holding him well, and forcing him to assist them, the youths fastened to a sled three of the best and fleetest deer of the herd, which Riga very well knew did not belong to them. That done, they paid no attention to his entreaties, but taking him with them in the sled, the long, steady pace of the deer soon left their home behind them.

Riga now began to cry and beg them to spare his life. "You are going to cut my throat and bury me in the toondra," he said. "You had better not, or I will do you some harm as soon as I am a saint."

Svorovitch burst into a loud laugh. "Cut your throat!" he said; "child, the tempest and the cold may kill you, but we shan't. No, you might be safe this minute if we could have trusted you to go back and be quiet. But we know you would have waked the whole tribe to ask questions of what we were about, and they would have followed us."

From what Lopka and Svorovitch spoke of after this, Riga learned they were bound on a journey to some distant point and were racing to reach it against the storm. Further than that he learned

RIGA IN THE CHIMNEY.

nothing, for he was too sleepy now to be inquisitive : and, carefully sheltered by his companions, he soon lost all consciousness of even his own fat little person.

An Arctic winter storm on the great toondra — do you know what that means? Fancy three of the worst snow-storms that ever you have seen, taking place at one and the same time, the fierce, icy bitter wind roaring and sweeping with terrible force across an endless plain, the air blinding, sight impossible, and you will know why Lopka and Svorovitch, and even Riga, gazed often and anxiously at the clouds throughout the following day. With eyes and ears always on the alert, and well on the alert at that, our little saint thought he heard now and then strange sounds of great distant winds nearing them, and at last he began to discover, as he peered upwards, the thick look in the air that tells that snow is on the way.

“The wind is rising,” said Riga. “You ought to take me home;” but though he wished to cry, he kept his tears back bravely. Suddenly he cried out, “The storm !”

RIGA IN THE CHIMNEY.

And it was the storm, the great Arctic storm, coming all at once, blinding and thick, borne on the wind, and sweeping over the ground as if it never meant to stop or rest there.

"We can go no further," cried Svorovitch. "We, too, shall be lost!"

"Don't despair, little brother," said Lopka, but at the same time turning away his face.

Here the alert little Riga lifted his fat face to tell them that he had for some time heard the ocean, and that just as the snow appeared he had seen a volcano in the ground: perhaps from these signs they could tell where they were.

The roaring of the tempest was so terrible that it was now impossible to distinguish the sound of the waves; but when Riga was questioned as to his volcano, and could only answer that he had seen smoke coming directly from the ground in a certain direction, Svorovitch exclaimed aloud, and springing out of the sledge ran a few feet from them. Following the sound of his voice, Riga and Lopka found him on his knees with his head bent above a black pipe setting a little above the earth.

“They are here,” he cried, “it is the place! They answer me.”

In a few moments the figure of a man appeared in the storm, seized upon them, and leading them a few steps further, descended by a slanting passage into a snug little under-ground cabin, free of smoke and passably light, where the boys found themselves face to face with the two English travellers. Their mutual explanations, though given with some difficulty, showed how the guide had stolen off with the remaining deer and left them to their fate, and that that morning they had eaten the last of their provisions; and how the adventurous Lopka and Svorovitch, pitying their condition, had determined to set out and save them at any risk. Riga comprehended what was not explained to the Englishmen — that it was undertaken in secret, for neither of the boys yet owned deer of their own, and had no hope of being successful in borrowing such as they needed. After all, he had not guessed rightly in the chimney, and he felt that there is something more to know of people than what one finds out by eavesdropping. Things half heard often look wrong: when the

RIGA IN THE CHIMNEY.

whole is seen they may turn out nobly right.

The gratitude of the travellers to the brave young Kamschatkans was great; and although the food they had brought was only dried fish, and some fat of the whale, it was the best they had, and a heartier and happier supper was seldom eaten. The storm continued throughout that night; but clearing off the next morning, the party were able to start on their return journey to the village. The deer, who know their masters, and will seldom desert the place where they are, were ready to return, and carried them back at a pace which, although not as fleet as that of a horse, was more unflagging and reliable. Welcome from all parties greeted their arrival, no harsh words met them; the parents were only too glad to have their brave boys safe again, the owners of the deer too happy that their property was restored unhurt. Only the wise Lodovin shook his head.

“If the boys begin like that,” said he, “what do you suppose the men will do? Take care how you praise those who respect no man’s property!” For Lodovin owned one of the deer which the boys had borrowed. As for fat little Riga, he had gained so

RIGA IN THE CHIMNEY.

much glory (you must remember it was he who had discovered the smoke-pipe) by hanging in the chimney, that it became his favorite position, to the everlasting danger of the limbs of the tribe and his own head, and also to the great confusion of such unwary beings as weekly told secrets about the village fire.



THE POPE'S GUARD.

SEEING THE POPE.

IT is only the young people of America who, in this age of the world, have not been to Europe ; therefore to them and for them I have written down, in journal form, a few incidents of travel ; among them, a brief account of an evening spent with La Baronessa Von Stein, and a presentation to the Pope.

Wednesday. This evening we have spent, by invitation, with the Baroness Von Stein, widow of Baron Von Stein of Germany. The Baroness, a German by birth, passed much of her youth in Poland. Skilled as a horsewoman, she often joined her father in rural pastimes, shooting, hunting etc. Being perfectly well, and of great mind, she acquired, as do all the noble women of Europe, a thorough knowledge of the ancient classics in their originals ; also a familiarity with nearly every spoken language of the Old and New World. Well comparing with Margaret, Queen

Seeing the Pope.

of Navarre in fluency of tongue, she readily changes from Italian to French, from French to Spanish quotes from Buckle, Draper, etc., in English, is quite at home on German philosophy, notwithstanding her devotion to the Catholic Church. A singularly attractive old lady is she now; rather masculine in manner, exceedingly so, in mind; a fine painter in oil to whom the Pope has sat, in person, for his portrait. We have seen the likeness. It is pronounced perfect. She is very anxious for us to see his Holiness, and we certainly shall not leave Rome without so doing. The Baroness has an autograph note from Pio Nono, which is a rare possession. This she displayed with far more pride than was apparent upon showing her own handiwork. When the Holy Father sat to her, in order to get the true expression, conversation was necessary and she repeated, with much satisfaction, snatches therefrom, which were of the brightest nature. However learned *he* may be, in the Baroness Von Stein he meets no inferior.

As we entered her room, she was smoking: she begged pardon, but continued the performance.

The cigar was a cigar, no cigarette, no white-coated article, but a long, large, brown Havana, such as gentlemen in our own country use.

"You will find no difficulty," said she, between her

Seeing the Pope.

whiffs, "in seeing 'Il Papa,' and then you will say how good is his picture."

During a part of our interview, there was present a sister of a "Secretaris Generalissimoi to the Pope," who told us the manner in which the Popeship will be filled—she talked only in Italian, but I give a literal translation. "The new Pope is approved by the present Pio Nono. His name is written upon paper by the present Pope and sealed. The document is seen by no one, till after the death of 'Il Papa,' when it is opened, as a will, by the proper power. Unlike a will, it can not be disputed."

Pio Nono certainly had his election in a far different way, according to the statements of the Roman Exiles of that day.

As the life of his Majesty hangs upon eternity, the matter of a successor will soon be decided. "Antonelli gone, where will it fall!" said I, but at once perceived that I was trespassing and the subject was speedily changed.

We left the Baronessa, intent upon one thing, viz., a presentation to the Pope, as soon as practical. Our Consul being no longer accredited to this power, but to Victor Emanuel, we must apply elsewhere.

Thursday. Started early this morning, from my residence corner of Bacca di Leone and Bia di Lapa

Seeing the Pope.

(doubtful protectors), for the American College and Father Chatard, in order to get a "permit" to the Monday Reception at the Vatican. On my way (and those who know Rome as well as we do will know how much on the way) I took, as I do upon all occasions, the Roman and Trajan forums, always walking when practicable; by the above means, I am likely to become very familiar with these beautiful views. They are so fascinating that I can not begin any day's work without taking these first. The Trajan is my favorite. It may not be uninteresting to mention here that, on my circuitous stroll to the said College, I saw, and halted the better to see, one of those picturesque groups of Contadini and Contadine who frequent the towns of Italy. There were, first the parents, dressed in the fantastic garb of their class of peasantry, i. e., the mother with the long double pads, one scarlet and one white, hanging over her head and neck, while the father wore a gay slouched hat; then three girls, severally garbed in short pink dress, blue apron embroidered with every conceivable color, simple and combined, yellow handkerchief thrown over the chest, long earrings, heavy braids, bare-footed or in fancifully knit shoes.

Two boys in equally remarkable attire, and a baby that looked like a butterfly, completed the domestic

Seeing the Pope.



ROMAN CONTADINA.

circle. They did not seem to mind my gaze. The father continued his smoking, the mother her knitting, the girls their hooking, the boys their listless lounging, and the baby its play in the dust. There was a charm in the scene. One sight however (to be sure mine was an extended opportunity) is sufficient. A

few steps beyond this gathering, I found photographs colored to represent these vagrants, and at one

Seeing the Pope.

store pictures of the very individuals — I purchased specimens to take to America, a novelty the other side of the Atlantic.

After an hour or two, I reached the American College, was met by the students who very politely directed me to the Concièrge, and my name was taken to the learned Father. The students all wore the long robe, though speaking English.

Being a Quaker by birth, therefore educated to respect every man's religion, and to believe that every man respects mine, nevertheless I felt misgivings incumbent upon the meeting of extremes. I was ushered into a large drawing-room and was examining the pictures, which generally tell the character of the owner, when Mr. Chatard entered. As he asked me to be seated, I thought, as some one has expressed it before me, "the whole world over, there are but two kinds of people, — 'man and woman.'"

The youth of this college may thank their stars that America has given them one of her most learned and worthy sons, though the sect to which his mother once belonged must deplore his loss.

In conversation with this Reverend gentleman, I obtained the requirements necessary to an introduction to the Pope, and was a little surprised that he should question my willingness to conform to the

Seeing the Pope.

same. It was however, explained. He had been much embarrassed by the demeanor of some of the American women. Seeking the privilege of meeting the Pope in his own palace, where common courtesy and etiquette naturally demand a deference to the Lord of the Manor, yet these ladies, having previously guaranteed a compliance with the laws of ceremony, after gaining admission refused to obey them.

Seeing the Pope was not, to me, a religious service and is not generally so considered.

My only fear was that my plain manners in their brusqueness, would have the appearance of "omission."

But the requirements are simple. Bending the knee, as a physical performance, was a source of anxiety. I at once called to mind the great difficulty which, as a young girl, I had in the play :

" If I *had* as many wives
As the stars in the skies," etc.

Notwithstanding the person who had to kneel in the game had a large cushion to throw before her to receive the fall, I always shook the house from the foundations when I went down. I can hear the pendants now, of a chandelier in a certain frame house in my native town ring out my weight, as I flung the cushion in front of a boy that knew " he was not the one," and took to my knees. True, the Vatican is not

Seeing the Pope.

shaky in its underpinnings, and faithful practice upon the floor of my apartment in Bocca di Leone, I thought, would be productive of some good. Quickly running through this train of reflection, and finally trusting that the gathering would not be disturbed by any marked awkwardness, I returned home to await the tidings.

Monday Evening. Have seen Pio Nono — have committed no enormity.

According to directions, in black dress, black veil, *à la* Spanish lady, ungloved hands (what an appearance at a Presidential reception!) we were attired. Took a carriage for the Vatican. Before we left home the padrona viewed us, pronounced us all right, and earnestly sought the privilege of selecting a coach for us. She had an eye to style. Is it possible that she did not give us credit for the same "strength," and we traveling Americans? It is to be confessed that the horses were less like donkeys than otherwise might have been. Trying the knee the last thing before leaving the house, there was certainly reason for encouragement, though still a lingering humility.

Our ride was subdued, but we reached St. Peter's, passed through the elegant halls of the Pope's Palace, surpassed only by those of the Pitti at Florence in their gold and fresco, and were ushered into the reception room of Pio Nono.

Seeing the Pope

'This apartment, long and narrow, seemed more like a corridor than a hall. Its beauties are described in various guide books, so that "they who read can see."

We were the only Protestants. The other ladies were laden with magnificent rosaries, pictures, toys, ribbons, etc., for the Holy Father's blessing. Even I purchased one of the first, viz., a rosary, to undergo the same ceremony, as a gift to a much-loved servant girl at home.

We sat here many minutes in quiet (inwardly longing to try the fall.) At length the Pope was led in. We forgot our trials. A countenance so benign, beaming with goodness, spread a cheer throughout the assembly. We took the floor naturally and involuntarily. Except in dress, he might have been any old patriarch. The white robe, long and plain, gave him rather the appearance of a matriarch.

It chanced that his Holiness passed first up the right side of the hall. We sat *vis à vis*, so that we had the benefit of all that he said before we came in turn. While addressing the right, who continue on their knees, the left rise. As he turns to the latter they again kneel, whereas those opposite change from this posture to the standing.

The Pope talked now in French, now in Italian, mostly in the former. As he approached our party,

Seeing the Pope.

we were introduced merely as Americans, but our religion was stamped upon our brows. Turning kindly to my young daughter, who wore, as an ornament, a chain and cross, he said, as if quite sure of the fact, “ *You* can wear your cross outside, as an adornment ; I am obliged to wear mine inside as a cross ;” whereupon, with a smile, he drew this emblem from his wide ribbon sash, showing her a most elegant massive cross of gold and diamonds, probably the most valuable one in the world. As he replaced this mark of his devotion, his countenance expressing a recognition of our Protestantism, perhaps a pity for our future, placing his hand upon our heads, he passed on. The blessing of a good old man, whatever his faith, can injure no one, and may not be without its efficacy, even though it rest upon a disciple of George Fox.

I shall never cease to be glad that I have seen Pio Nono.

A LESSON IN ITALIAN.

“**D**O you speak English?”

“*Non, Signora!*”

“Do you speak any other language than Italian?”

“*Non, Signora!*”

“Then you are the person I desire as guide!”

The above dialogue took place near the Amphitheatre of Verona. The Italian, standing awaiting employment, was an old man, bright and active. The American, who addressed him was an elderly woman, who had studied the languages of Europe nearly half a century. She had just arrived in Verona. Leaving the younger members of her party she had strolled off alone, the better, as she said, to air her lore. One must be alone to succeed with a foreign tongue; an audience of one's own countrymen is particularly distracting if not embarrassing.

Following her leader into the Amphitheatre she

A Lesson in Italian.

sat where, ages ago, the Royalty had done, and commenced audible reflections to this effect:

“Did scenes such as took place here have a charm for court ladies, ladies educated as were the Zenobias and the Julias of those days?”

She had no idea that her language could be understood, but the guide vociferated as if angry:

“People of those days were great, strong, just!”

She felt that she was answered, but nevertheless was practicing her Italian.

The Amphitheatre of Verona, being in a state of preservation, is a good introduction to the Coliseum at Rome. The old man, my guide, was present at the Congress of 1822, when twenty-two thousand persons were seated within its walls. The Chariot Entrance is pointed out, also that through which the culprits came; and the gate which held back the hungry animal longing for his prize. These oft told tales were recited by the guide, as are the speeches of Daniel Webster by the American school-boy, learned and rehearsed many times, till the traveler, having exhausted her own vocabulary as applied to this show, seemed ready to depart.

“Cathedrals,” proposed the conductor as a matter of course. Cathedrals consequently obtained.

In one of these of the time of Charlemagne, the guide

A Lesson in Italian.

seized with a religious zeal, begged his companion to be seated while he joined in the services. She could not conscientiously interfere with his soul's instincts, therefore consented to rest awhile.

The performances seemed exceedingly tedious, as the monotone of the priest was relieved only by the click of the collections. But the old man was very devout, never allowing the box to pass without his contribution. Magnanimous spirit! How many of our home churches would give twice and thrice without wincing?

Growing rather anxious to leave these premises, the Protestant tried to hurry the brother-at-prayer by a motion towards the door.

"Will Madame condescend a ten minutes longer? A collection for a deceased infant is next."

Madame did condescend. The coin was deposited. After this emotional act the twain left the church, the guide very gay and lively, the lady rather moved to compassion. Suppose her companion *were* steeped in ignorance, how beautiful his faith!

"Was the little child a relative, or were its parents his friends?"

"Oh, no! he had never heard of it in life, but only a hard heart would keep one so young and alone in the shades." Here he wiped a tear.

A Lesson in Italian.

The guide turned, quickly melting into the smile again, remarking : " The Tombs of the Scaligers.

These monuments are indeed worth seeing, especially that of the last of this great family. This Scaliger, to outdo his ancestry had spent many years laboring with his own hands upon the marble which was to mark his resting-place. The devices were his own ; no other person was employed in the hewing, the cutting, even in the erection of this showy memorial. Its maker died satisfied with the result of his lifetime, a work for ages to succeed.

The oldest of this name rests under a comparatively simple canopy. During the First Napoleon's time this tomb was opened that a cast might be made of the head, there being no authentic representation extant ; and by order of the Emperor, the bust was placed in the Louvre at Paris, and sketches of this wonderfully fine head sold for great sums.

" The house of the Capulets," said the old man.

Standing beneath the balcony on the very spot where stood poor Romeo (or Charlotte Cushman as well), quite absorbed in the few lines of Shakspeare that floated in her mind, the lady was aroused from her revery by the guide, who, pointing at the almost obliterated coat-of-arms, said ambitiously :

" *Chapeau, capello, Inglese !*"

A Lesson in Italian.

At the same time he crushed his head-gear, till his face was quite covered.

"Hat!" shrieked she, judging that one who can not speak English must be deaf to this tongue though in proper condition to hear his native. If there is any letter that an Italian cannot pronounce, it is the "h." His attempts were many and fruitless. At length, violently coughing out the aspirate, he added with great gusto the "at" and was satisfied though exhausted. His next effort was "how;" his next "head," and finally "woman." If there is any letter after "h" that the Italian can *not* get, it is our "w" and lo! his choice of first steps in English, "hat, head, how and woman."

Passing through the market-places which are gorgeous in the distance, but whose goods when inspected are very common, they were met by many beggars. To those dressed in a peculiar garb the guide invariably gave, at no time to those in any other suit. He always reached the mite with a smile, good soul that he was!

Overlooking the lovely Adige they stood upon the great bridge, when it suddenly occurred to madame that the humble individual beside her might be giving her more time than customary, even as he had freely given to God's "poor in other respects."

A Lesson in Italian.

Feeling satisfied with her day's work and knowing her way to the hotel, she commenced the process of bidding him adieu — in more common parlance, “getting clear of him.”

“I am indeed obliged to you,” began she. “I have learned so much Ital —”

Here she was interrupted by the sage Mentor.

“If madame is so well pleased with my services, as she has taught me much English (the hypocrite,) I shall take but *twelve lire*.”

“*Twelve lire!*” she quietly repeated after him, while her astonishment was mingling with rage within, so as to render her voice almost inaudible.

“Five *lire* should be your demand,” she humbly ventured at last.

“Madame is quite right, but she forgets her three worships in the Cathedral and the many who partook of her bounty in the market!”

“Three worships,” thought she with a perplexed air, “and bounties in the market!”

As if reading her mind, he explained by means of gestures that the contributions made in the church were charged to her, (probably with added interest by the time the account reached her;) also the coins given to the various mendicants in their walks.

Alas! A Quaker by parentage, educated to pay

A Lesson in Italian.

no clergy in her own Protestant land, had here been playing into the hands of the foreign devotee! She nevertheless submitted with a grace, trusting that the next edition of Ollendorff will change its sentence of:

“Has he the hammer of the good blacksmith or the waistcoat of the handsome joiner,” etc., into

“Has she the shrewdness of the saintly guide or the mask of the beggar in the market-place? She has neither the shrewdness of the saintly guide, neither the mask of the beggar; she has a meagre purse and a “*thorough lesson in Italian.*”

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